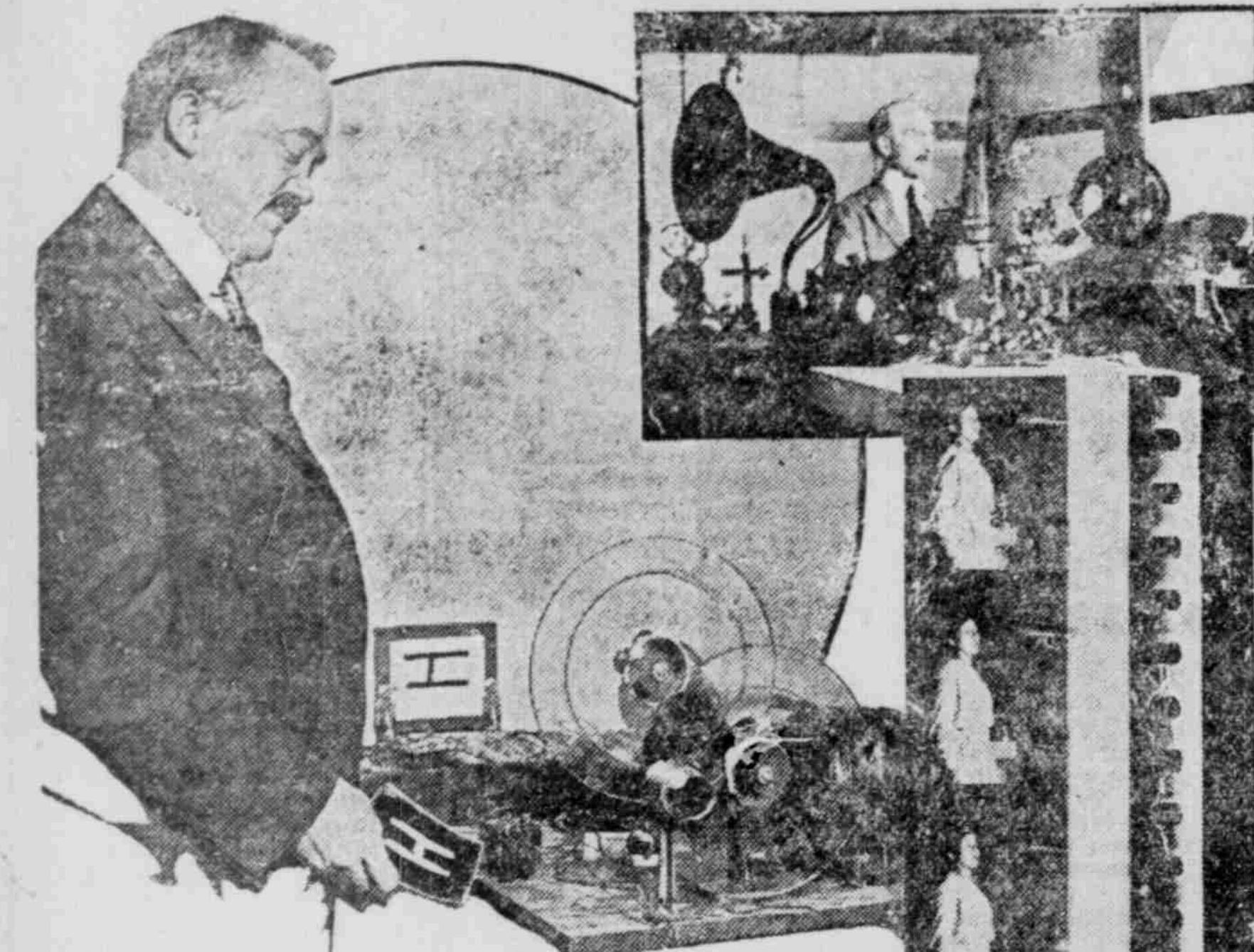


Radio-graphis

Talking Movies by Radio



ABOVE, C. FRANCIS JENKINS AND HIS RADIO MOVIE TRANSMISSION MACHINE; UPPER RIGHT, PROF. TYKOCINER AND HIS TALKING MOVIE APPARATUS; BELOW, A TALKING MOVIE STRIP SHOWING THE WHITE HAND "VOICE PHOTO."

Talking movies have become an assured success through the aid of radio.

The little vacuum tube, which sends and detects sound sailing through the ether, is the means by which inventors have been able to coordinate action and speech on the silver screen. The man who had an important part in the perfection of this tube now can claim a share in the competition of the talking movie film.

He is Dr. Lee De Forest of New York, who is prepared to exhibit what he terms his "phonofilm," by which the characters on the screen are made to talk at the same time. With him, however, in this endeavor to produce a talking film have been other inventors. Most famous among them have been C. C. Francis Jenkins of Washington, D. C., and Prof. Joseph T. Tykociner of the University of Illinois.

Jenkins.

These two inventors have already produced instruments the principles of which seem to have been coordinated into the ultimate invention of De Forest. The Jenkins apparatus is said to be based on the principle of transmission of pictures by wireless. According to the inventor, movies may be transmitted from a general broadcasting station just as are concerts, into the homes of those who own a radio movie receiving

outfit.

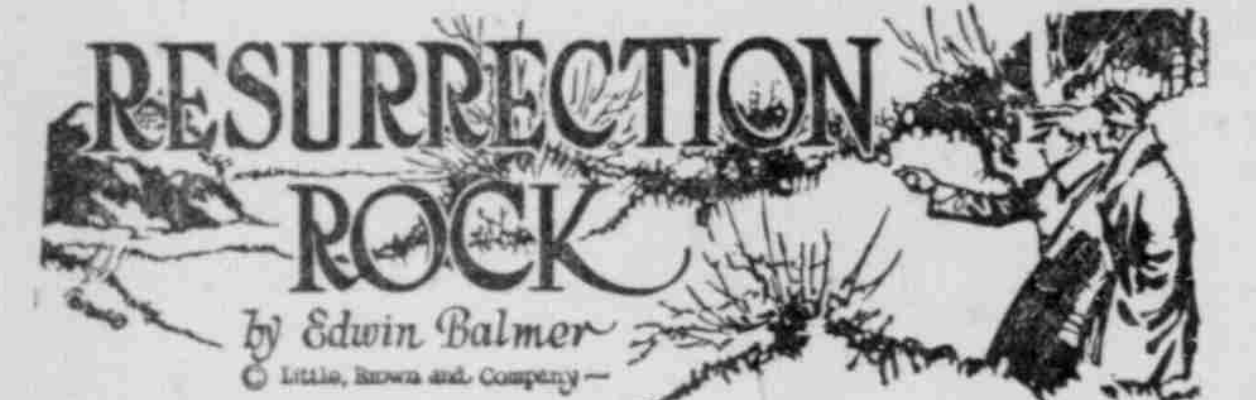
Jenkins has been experimenting for more than 20 years on the various stages of motion picture exhibition. About a year ago, he conceived the radio movie transmission problem. He holds the Elliott Cresson gold medal, presented by the Franklin Institute of America, for his efforts in this direction.

Tykociner.

Prof. Tykociner's invention relates more to the co-ordination of sound and sight on a film, than to its transmission by radio. He also worked on this machine for 20 years before he felt safe in announcing his invention. His apparatus photographs the object and the sound at the same time and on the same strip of film. It is equipped with a mercury arc of special construction.

The intensity of light varies with the speech of the actor. It is focused upon the moving film by a sound-recording instrument. This sound record is a narrow band, of varying transparency, running alongside the photographed scene on the film. In this manner every action and every sound are reproduced side by side, the action taking up three-fourths of the celluloid, and the sound picture the rest. This guarantees synchronism of sound and action.

With the radio transmission idea of Jenkins and the talking idea of



RESURRECTION ROCK
by Edwin Balmer
Little, Brown and Company

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Horror-stricken by her fear that BARNEY LOUETRELL, the young lieutenant, had been murdered, ETHEL CAREW, goes to the unoccupied house on mysterious and ghostly Resurrection Rock and finds there evidence of crime and proof that a body has been hidden under the ice of Lake Huron.

At once she suspects that her grim and relentless grandfather, LUCAS CULLEN, SENIOR, has had the murder committed. Old Cullen had been filled with anger and fear when he learned that Louetrell had entered these northern Michigan woods to go to the Rock. Ethel and Louetrell were drawn together by close mutual interests. In London he had received, in a message from Ethel's father, who had been killed in France. These messages instructed him to proceed to Resurrection Rock—a trip which he hoped would clear up his obscure past.

Lucas Cullen had been guilty of violent crimes in early days and fear was driving him to violence. Ethel furiously accuses her grandfather of instructing KINCHLOE to shoot LOUETRELL.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"Oh, I had Kinchloes do something out there, did I?" Lucas demanded.

Ethel could not answer him, for the suffocation in her breast; muscles seemed to be tugging tight all through her.

"Barney Louetrell's been dead away with! Killed!" she cried.

"Hey? You saw him dead?"

"No, but—"

"Have you enough sense left to realize what you have just been saying to me?" he asked her, raising his hand clenched but for his huge forefinger with which he threatened her.

"Kinchloes has killed your fine friend on the train, Barney Louetrell, you said. I had him do it! Ethel? Say to me, do you mean that?"

"Yes?"

"Eth? So Kinchloes—and I had him do it—killed your Barney Louetrell, you believe?"

"Yes!"

He jerked his wrist out of her grasp and stepped back, looking down at her and laughing.

"I must have Miss Platt hear you," he said, when he was through laughing. "And your grandmother." He stepped to the door and, opening it, called first for Miss Platt and then for his wife.

"Now we will all hear your opinions," her grandfather said; and, before the others, he made her accuse Kinchloes and himself again.

"Then he went on more to the door. 'Lieutenant Louetrell!' he called. 'Mr. Barney Louetrell, will you step in here?'"

He was not dead! She opened

away, by which he and his brother had bound themselves that in the event of either of them or their some dying without issue, the holdings of the deceased would pass to the survivor.

In September, 1918, those conditions seemed completely fulfilled; for Agnes, who had gone heart and soul into the work, sailed aboard a ship which was torpedoed; and she was lost.

The news reached Oliver on the twentieth; and on the twenty-second, he died.

But Agnes, as though to torment Lucas even after her death, had passed on in the most annoying way possible. Though it was obvious that she had drowned, yet no one actually had seen her drown.

Since she was not legally dead, her home remained open. Mrs. Wain, her housekeeper, and her servants were at the house, which they were keeping in order as though Mrs. Oliver Cullen were away merely on a visit.

It was to cousin Agnes' home that Lucas went after an unsuccessful attempt to discover any knowledge of Bagley.

Marcellus Clark, she learned, was in Europe and no one at his office could disclose information of Bagley or the reasons why the frightened steward had been sent to the lonesome house on Resurrection Rock.

But a shock awaited her when she entered her cousin's home and was greeted by the housekeeper.

(To be Continued in Our Monday Issue.)

Uncle Wiggily

Uncle Wiggily sat on the porch of his hollow stump bungalow. Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, his muskrat lady housekeeper, was walking through the field across the path. It was a field owned by Mr. Chuck, the groundhog gentleman. I have told you stories about Woodie and Waddie Chuck, so I think you may remember these woodchuck boys.

Every now and then Uncle Wiggily saw Nurse Jane walk more slowly. Then the muskrat lady would stoop over as if looking for something.

"There, I've found another!" Nurse Jane must have broken her string of beads, and be finding them one by one, said Uncle Wiggily to himself. Then, being a kind rabbit gentleman, he gave his pink nose a twinkle, to awaken a little fly who was sleeping on it, and over into the field hopped Mr. Longears.

"I have come to help you pick up your lost beads, Janie," he said.

"That is very nice of you," spoke Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy with a smile. "But I haven't lost any beads."

Bagley was still clearing up in the dining room. Barney came indoors and was trying again to read when he heard a shot in the direction of the shore and, going to the door, he thought he also heard cries. He went ashore and wandered about for nearly an hour before returning to find the Rock dark and the house shut. After trying to arouse Bagley, he went ashore once more to find that Bagley already had arrived at Wheedon's and was determined to remain there.

He had had "enough," he explained to Barney as he previously had informed Wheedon; that was the extent of the explanation he made. He was going home to Chicago on the earliest train.

"I thought they had killed you," Ethel said. "But of course it was some one who arrived at the Rock after Bagley had shut you out and you had followed him to Wheedon's."

"Yes, I think that's pretty clear," Barney agreed. "But who was he?"

"My grandfather knows, of course," Ethel said.

"That telegram from my uncle Lucas in Chicago, which Asa brought when we were at dinner, told my grandfather who he was and what his presence meant. You see, after that we had prayers and grandfather sent Kinchloes out again, and grandfather waited in his house with his rifle loaded. He wasn't sure whether Kinchloes, or the other man, was coming back from the Rock to his house."

"What are we in, you and I?" she asked, suddenly shivering upon her arm. "I got you into it," he accused himself. "You know I'd no idea what it would do to you, or I'd turned back yesterday."

"I think there's surely something to be found out in Chicago," Barney said when Ethel stated her determination to go there at once. "Bagley's back there; and Marcellus Clarke has his office there."

"And my uncle Lucas is there—or he was when he sent that telegram last night warning grandfather. But of course, he'll be with grandfather; I'll learn nothing from him, if he can help it."

CHAPTER IX.

As the train bore Ethel away from Resurrection Rock and from Barney Louetrell, the girl debated in her mind the task which confronted her on her arrival and vaguely wished that cousin Agnes, Mrs. Oliver Cullen, as she had been known in Chicago society before her tragic disappearance from the tormented Galatide, were alive to aid her.

About Agnes there had been something of a mystery as well as an attraction to Ethel. Cousin Agnes first came to Chicago as a girl, she told her, when she was only sixteen. She had lived in a small town and no one—not even the many newspaper interviewers—got farther than that.

It was plain that, not long before her employment in the Cullen office, she had passed through some extraordinary experience which had tremendously snapped her vitality. She had endured some frightful ordeal which temporarily had downed her but had not beaten her.

Many men offered themselves to take up her battle for her. But only Oliver Cullen, after his fifth or sixth attempt, succeeded in offering himself.

John died and Oliver "the damned weakling" and his upstart wife, who had been a stenographer, claimed from Lucas and his stronger, far more able sons, the control of the Cullen corporations which ownership old John's stock implied.

Lucas fought and blustered; but Oliver asserted the control; or, rather, Agnes did. For Lucas and his sons did not remain long in doubt regarding the force with which they had to deal; nor did outsiders remain ignorant.

So they grumbled and bore it while they watched Oliver gradually sink into invalidism and year follow year with Agnes childless.

There was an old contract, which Lucas, Senior, had safely looked

"Then what are you so often picking up?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Four-leaf clovers," answered the muskrat lady. "There are more than I have ever seen before in this field."

"I don't see any," said Uncle Wiggily, looking at the clovers. "I see many with three leaves, but none with four leaves."

"Ah, that's just it!" laughed Nurse Jane. "It isn't every one who can see clovers with four leaves."

The three-leaf ones are very common, but those with four are very rare and scarce. That's why it is said to be very lucky to find a four-leaf clover—just like picking up a horse shoe."

"Hum!" said Uncle Wiggily. "Of course I don't believe that, but I should like to find a four-leaf clover just the same. You know there is no such thing as luck, Nurse Jane."

"Well, really, I suppose there isn't," agreed the muskrat lady. "But it is a nice thought to have—that a four-leaf clover, so different from the three-leaf ones, may bring you luck. And if you have happy, jolly thoughts, Uncle Wiggily, even if they are only about clovers, it seems to make the day brighter. And when you think the day is bright, even though it may be cloudy and rainy, everything seems more pleasant."

"There is something in that," admitted the bunny. "I must try to find a four-leaf clover so I'll be lucky." But however he looked and looked, not one could he find.

Though Nurse Jane picked them up right and left. Sometimes it was that way, one person will find many four-leaf clovers and another may look in the same green clump and see not one, though many may be there. It is just a matter of eyesight, I suppose.

"Well, I think this isn't to be my lucky day," said Uncle Wiggily at last, when he could pick no four-leaf clover. "However, I shall not let that worry me. Let me do something for you, Nurse Jane. I may get an adventure out of it, even if I find no rare clovers."

"Very well, you may go to the store for me and bring me a box of pepper," said the muskrat lady. "I am going to make pickled beets this afternoon."

Off hopped Uncle Wiggily, over the fields and through the woods, on his way to the store to get the pickling pepper.

"Be careful not to spill any of the pepper, so that it flies up your nose, or you'll sneeze, Uncle Wiggily," warned the monkey doodle gentleman at the grocery store.

"I'll be careful," promised Mr. Longears, Homeward he went, he hopped, carrying the pepper. "I'll go through a clover field and see if I can not find at least one with four leaves," said the bunny to himself. Through the field he hopped when, all of a sudden, there was a rustling in the bushes and out came the Fuzzy Fox.

"Ah, ha! Ah, ha!" barked the Fox. "This time you shall not get away, Uncle Wiggily! I'll nibble your ears!"

"Not if I can help it!" cried the bunny, and away he hopped as fast as the wind. But the Fox came after him, drawing nearer and nearer, until Uncle Wiggily could hear the pitter-patter of the bad chap's toes on the dried leaves and grass of the field.

"Oh, I must get away! I must get safely home with Nurse Jane's pickling pepper!" panted Uncle Wiggily. The Fox was close behind him. Suddenly, just ahead of him, Uncle Wiggily saw what he had never been able to see ever in his life—A Four-Leaf Clover!

"Oh, I must stop and pick that. Fox or no Fox," thought the bunny. "It may give me good luck." Uncle Wiggily stopped short to pick the four-leaf clover. And the Fox was so close behind him that when the bunny stopped the Fox bumped into him, turned a somersault head over heels and came down on his nose.

And just then the box of pepper fell out of Uncle Wiggily's pocket, the cover came off, the box tumbled over and over quite a way from the bunny, and the pepper, spilled out close to the Fox.

"Ker-choo! Ker-choo! Ker-choo!" sneezed the Fox, and he sneezed so hard that he turned another somersault, flipped up into a tree, where he was caught on the branches and he couldn't scramble down for a long time. And before the Fox could get down Uncle Wiggily, holding his paw over his nose, picked up what was left of the pepper and hurried home with it.

"Nurse Jane!" he cried. "I found a four-leaf clover and it surely brought me good luck! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

And so everything ended happily. And the pickled beets were very good. So if the lead pencil doesn't forget to put its rubber on when it goes walking with the fountain pen you shall hear next about Uncle Wiggily's corn roast.

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"I knew him when he was a boy"

What one is there of us that has not felt the glow of satisfaction over the outstanding success of a life-long friend!
Often a surprise—seemingly "all of a sudden." Yet neither surprising nor sudden, when you stop to think back over each step of his progress.

THE United States Rubber Company—makers of U. S. Royal Cords—were first to conceive, make and announce the balanced tire. (A balanced tire is one which from bead to bead has no "weakest link." A tire in which there is such complete unity of action in tread and carcass that neither will give way before the other.)

The makers of U. S. Tires were first to conceive, make and announce a complete line of tires. (This gave to the dealer and car-owner something that never existed before—a tire for every need of price and use under one standard of quality.)

The makers of U. S. Tires were first to have the courage to tell the public about the good and bad in tire-retailing. (You remember the phrase "Go to a legitimate dealer and get a legitimate tire." People can no longer take the indifferent stand that "discounts," "inside terms" and "dickers" are a necessary evil in the tire business.)

The makers of U. S. Tires were first to arouse industrial and trade minds to the need of a new kind of tire competition. (Competition for better and better values. Greater and greater public confidence. The job is still unfinished but present events predict final returns of public benefit.)

STILL other high spots along the U. S. Tire road to leadership may appeal to you as even more important.

These instances alone at least indicate the intent back of Royal Cords—the will to win by the quality route in a price market.

Now that so many car-owners have given their verdict for quality tires in general, and U. S. Tires in particular—a number of dealers and car-owners whose vision has been clouded by "discounts," "sales," "terms" and what not, are beginning to remember that they "knew him when he was a boy."

United States Tires are Good Tires

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